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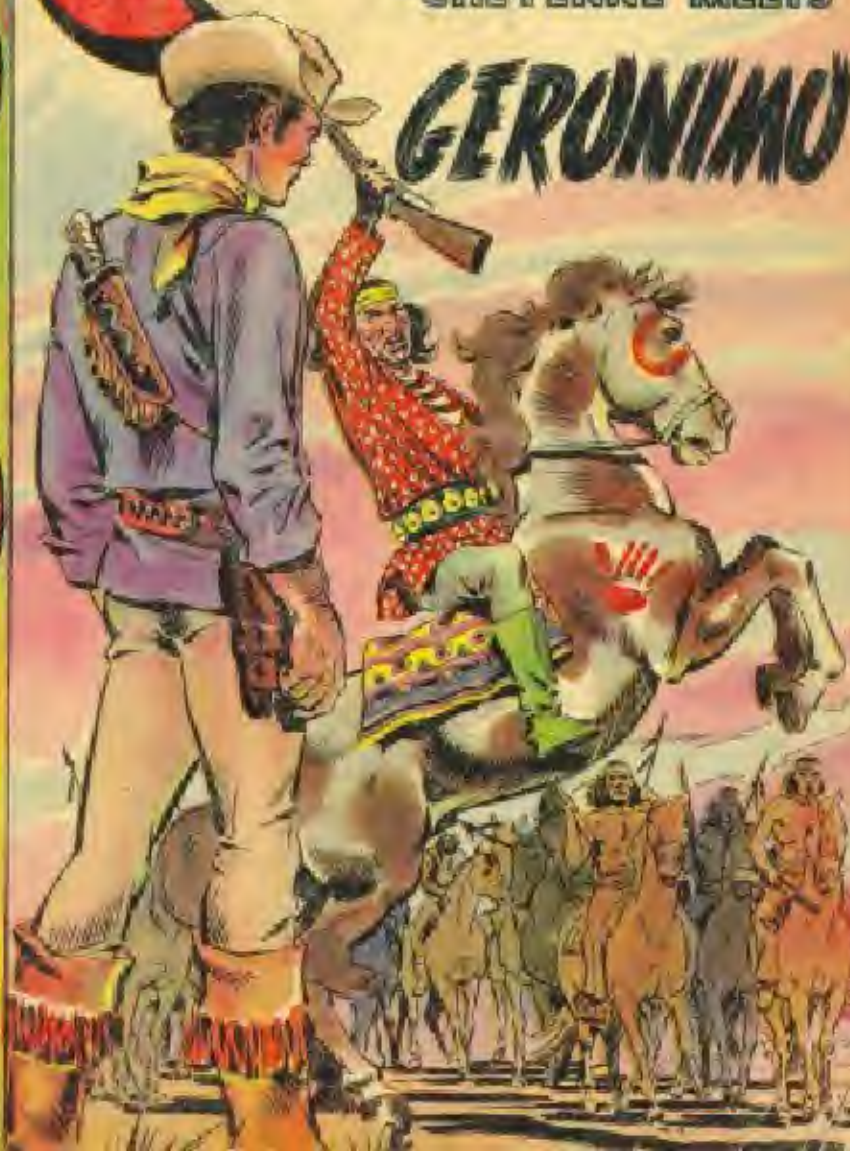
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# CHEYENNE KID

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CHEYENNE MEETS

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# CHEYENNE KID



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*Pat Maselli* Executive Editor

# CHEYENNE KID

## IN THE WAR CHIEF

**R**UNNING WOLF, THE LAST OF THE WAR CHIEFS, HAD NEVER BEEN BEATEN IN BATTLE! THE RENEGADE BRAVES WHO FOLLOWED HIM REFUSED TO RESPECT THE PEACE TREATIES ALREADY SIGNED! THEY WANTED WAR... AND THE CHEYENNE KID DECIDED TO GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANTED!



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CHEYENNE JONES, RAISED BY THE CHEYENNE, HAD RETURNED TO THE WHITE MAN'S WAYS -- BUT HE HADN'T FORGOTTEN THE CUNNING HE'D BEEN TAUGHT...





# CHEYENNE KID

THE BRAVE MADE NO SOUND, EVEN WHEN HE LEAPED. HIS HATCHET READY...



THIS IS A INJUN TRICK, BUSTER! LIKE HUH? IT?



THE OTHER ONE GOT THE HORSE, BUT HE WON'T RIDE FAR.



THE BRAVE WAS RIDING FAST-- WHEN A SHRIIL WHISTLE SPLIT THE NIGHT. THE STALLION HEARD THE CALL AND TURNED...



A SIOUX BRAVE AND AN ARAPHOE WARRIOR RIDING TOGETHER. YOUR TRIBES ARE AT PEACE. WERE YOU BANNED FROM YOUR VILLAGES?



THE CHEYENNE KID WAS PUZZLED! WHY DID TRADITIONAL ENEMIES RIDE THE SAME TRAIL? HE TURNED HIS BACK FOR A MOMENT AND...

THEY RAN FOR IT, LIKE I EXPECTED! AN' THEY'RE SCARED ENOUGH TO LEAVE A PLAIN TRAIL!





## CHEYENNE KID

TRACKING A BIRD ACROSS THE SKY IS OFTEN EASIER THAN TRACKING AN INDIAN ON FOOT! BUT THE CHEYENNE KID DID IT EASILY...

I MUST BE NEAR THEIR CAMP! I SMELL SMOKE... AND I HEARD A STONE RATTLE! I'LL MAKE OUT LIKE I'M REAL DUMB!



GET OFF HORSE, WHITE MAN! RUNNING WOLF WILL DECIDE YOUR FATE!

RUNNIN' WOLF IS HERE? WELL, HE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE!



HOW, RUNNIN' WOLF, I THOUGHT YUH'D BE SOUTH WITH THE TRIBE NOW! THE SIOUX SIGNED A PEACE TREATY!

I AM WAR CHIEF! I DO NOT SIGN TREATY! I STILL FIGHT THE WHITES!



YUH KNOW ME, RUNNIN' WOLF! I'M TELLIN' YOU, YUH'D BETTER TELL YORE BRAVES TUH SCATTER FOR HOME! THE ARMY'LL TRACK YUH DOWN!

NO TALK! WE WILL DEFEAT ARMY!



THE CHEYENNE KID KNEW THEY DON'T PLAN ON LETTING HIM LEAVE THEIR CAMP! -SO HE DECIDED TO START THE BAIL ROLLING!

I'M TIRED OF BEIN' STUCK WITH THIS!

HO! CHEYENNE KID! NO GET AWAY!



I'M NOT ESCAPING, RUNNIN' WOLF! I'M GONNA BEAT YOU IN A MAN-TO-MAN FIGHT FIRST! YOU NAME THE WEAPONS!





# CHEYENNE KID

THE BRAVES HAD BEEN SET TO TEAR THE CHEYENNE KID DOWN... BUT HIS CHALLENGE STOPPED THEM! THEY WANTED TO SEE SUCH A FIGHT...

"WE WILL FIGHT WITH TOMAHAWKS! YOU WILL BE LIKE A CHILD IN BATTLE."

TALK IT UP, RINNIN' WOLF! AN' GET OUT THE HARDWARE!"



BE READY! IS YOUR TOMAHAWK SATISFACTORY?"

NEVER DID LIKE 'EM! COME ON...



...I'LL DO THIS BAREHANDED!"



RUNNING WOLF STRUCK WITH MURDEROUS SPEED... BUT THE CHEYENNE KEPT DODGING! UNTIL...

"YUH HAD ENOUGH CHANCES, CHIEF! NOW, IT'S MY TURN!"



I'M SURE GLAD YUH FOUGHT THAT WAY! I WAS AFRAID YUH'D TRY ME WITH A WAP LANCE AN' SHIELD ON HORSEBACK!"

THAT IS OUR NEXT TEST, CHEYENNE OUTCAST!"



RUNNING WOLF IS SURE TO WIN! AND WHEN YOU HIT THE EARTH, WE WILL BE WAITING!"

DON'T HOLD YORE BREATH-- YUH'LL TURN BLUE!"





# CHEYENNE KID

THE  
BRAVES  
GATHERED,  
AND  
RUNNING  
WOLF,  
EXPERT  
WITH  
LANCE AND  
SHIELD,  
KICKED  
HIS  
PONY  
INTO A  
RUN!  
THE  
CHEYENNE  
KID  
MET  
HIS  
CHARGE...



YAHOO! GO, BOY! THEM BRAVES'LL  
BE ON OUR HEELS IN A FEW SECONDS--  
AN' THEY'LL NEVER GIVE UP!



THE CHEYENNE KID HAD A  
LEAD, AND TIME TO HIDE HIS  
TRAIL! BUT HE LEFT ENOUGH  
TRACE TO LET THEM FOLLOW  
SLOWLY...

HE IS NOT FAR  
NORTH OF HERE,  
THAT WAY!



THEY'RE ABOUT TWO MILES  
SOUTH OF ME! AND MAJOR  
BEATTY'S PATROL IS ON  
THE RIDGE! I'LL LEAD THE  
BRAVES UP TO BEATTY!



RUNNING WOLF'S WAR PARTY  
CLOSED IN ON THE CHEYENNE  
KID FAST! THEY SPOTTED HIS  
HORSE AND BLANKET ROLL  
JUST BEFORE DAWN...



HO! FINISH THE  
CHEYENNE  
TRAITOR!



# CHEYENNE KID

BUT THE CHEYENNE KID WASN'T IN HIS BLANKET ROLL! HE WAS ON A SPUR ABOVE WITH MAJOR BEATTY OF THE U.S. CAVALRY...



END



CHEYENNE KID

# GUNSLICK'S VICTIM

JOHNNY DEUCE WAS ON THE PROD -- HE WAS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, A TARGET FOR HIS GUNS. HE'D BACKED DOWN, SHOWED FEAR WHEN JOHN RINGO CHALLENGED HIM. NOW, HE HAD TO REGAIN FACE! AND HE PICKED BILL TAYLOR, A DUDE WHO DIDN'T KNOW A COLT FROM A SPRINGFIELD TO DO IT!





# CHEYENNE KID

BILL TAYLOR HAD JUST ARRIVED FROM OHIO! HE'D NEVER SHOT OFF A GUN IN HIS LIFE... AND HE WAS AFRAID TO TRY...

YUH GOT TO TRY, BILLY! WHEN HE SEES YUH DIDN'T BACK DOWN, HE MIGHT LET YUH GO!

JOHNNY DEUCE WON'T SHOW MERCY TO ANY-ONE! YOU'D BETTER SNEAK OUTA TOWN!



KEEP YOUR GUN! JOHNNY DEUCE AIN'T BEIN' FAIR TUH ME -- I DON'T HAVE TUH BE FAIR TUH HIM! HE'S AT THE HOTEL -- I'LL FIX HIM!



MR. DEUCE WILL SHOOT BOTH OF US IF YUH RUST IN ON HIM!



BILLY TAYLOR LOCATED DEUCE'S ROOM! HE SPLINTERED THE DOOR WITH ONE HEAVY BOOT AND...

WHAT TH... WHADDYA WANT, DUDE?

A SHOWDOWN... BUT WITH OUR BARE HANDS!



I'M BUYIN' ME A SHOTGUN! WHEN YOU FEEL HEALTHY AGAIN, COME AT ME AND I'LL USE IT! NO GUNSICK'S GONNA BULLY ME FROM NOW ON!



END



CHEYENNE KID

# CHEYENNE KID

in  
the  
**WATERHOLE  
of  
DOOM**

Part 1



THE CHEYENNE KID HAS HAD MORE  
CLOSE SCRAPES AND COME OUT  
WITH A WHOLE SKIN THAN ANY OTHER  
MAN IN THE WHOLE WILD WEST!  
BUT HOW WILL HE COME OUT OF THE  
SCRAPE HE'S HEADING FOR NOW?  
HOW CAN HE POSSIBLY SURVIVE  
THE WATERHOLE OF DOOM?



## CHEYENNE KID

OUT IN THE BLAZING DESERT THE PRIMAL NEED OF BOTH MAN AND BEAST HAS ALWAYS BEEN WATER!

WATERHOLES ARE HARD TO COME BY IN THE DESERT! JUST THE SIGHT OF ONE OF THEM HAS ALWAYS BEEN ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN'S HEART LEAP WITH JOY!

REAL WATER AT LAST! NOT A MIRAGE... BUT REAL WATER!



BUT THERE ARE SOME WATERHOLES THAT EVEN THE THIRSTIEST HAVE ALWAYS TURNED AWAY FROM! FOR THEY KNOW THAT TO DRINK FROM THOSE HOLDS WOULD QUENCH THEIR THIRST FOREVER!

UGH!

IT IS TOWARD ONE OF THESE WATERHOLES THAT THE CHEYENNE KID IS RIDING! HE HAS NEVER BEEN TO THIS DESERT BEFORE!



AND HIS TONGUE IS DARNED WITH THIRST! ANY MOMENT NOW HE WILL REACH THE TOP OF THE DUNE! ANY MOMENT NOW HE WILL SPOT THE WATERHOLE!

...AND SILENT OTTER WILL BE AVENGED!

I HAVE REMOVED THE DANGER SIGN! CHEYENNE WILL BE UNWARNED! HE WILL DRINK HIS FILL!





# CHEYENNE KID



HOW HAS ALL THIS COME TO PASS? WHAT WERE THE THREADS OF CIRCUMSTANCE THAT HAVE LED THE CHEYENNE KID TO THE BRINK OF DISASTER?



...MANY MOONS AGO, SILENT OTTER, CHEYENNE'S MORTAL ENEMY EVER SINCE CHILDHOOD, WAS ENGAGED BY THE CHEYENNE KID IN A SAVAGE UNDERWATER STRUGGLE!



I-I CAN FIGHT NO MORE! YOU ARE (GASP) TOO STRONG FOR ME!



THE RESULT OF THAT FIGHT WAS TWOFOLD! THE INDIAN WAR THAT SILENT OTTER HAD TRIED TO FOMENT, WAS AVERTED!





# CHEYENNE KID

...AND SILENT OTTER WAS LED OFF TO IMPRISONMENT AS HE DESERVED!

CHEYENNE SHALL PAY FOR THIS! I SWEAR BY ALL THE WAR GODS!



...CHEYENNE SHALL PAY!

HE'S A MEAN CUSS, ALL RIGHT!

I'D HATE TO BE IN THE CHEYENNE KID'S SHOES...IF HE EVER GETS OUT!



THEN, ONE NIGHT, AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS HAD PASSED, IT HAPPENED THAT DURING A VIOLENT THUNDERSTORM, THE BLOCKHOUSE THAT KEPT SILENT OTTER A PRISONER WAS HIT BY A BOLT OF LIGHTNING!



FIRE! FIRE!



IN ALL THE CONFUSION, SILENT OTTER SLIPPED UNNOTICED INTO THE NIGHT!





# CHEYENNE KID

...AND MADE HIS WAY TO A TRIBE OF THE SIOUX THAT WAS STILL HOSTILE!



STRIKE NOW, OH, CHIEF, WHILE THE LONG-STICKS ARE STILL BUSY REPAIRING THE FIRE-DAMAGE IN THEIR FORT! STRIKE NOW!



...AND LET ME LEAD ONE WAR PARTY! FOR NO HEART BURNS MORE WITH HATRED AGAINST THE WHITES THAN MINE, OH, CHIEF!



SO BE IT! I SHALL LEAD ONE WAR PARTY! SILENT OTTER SHALL LEAD THE OTHER! LET THE WAR DANCES START!



THE WAR DANCES HAD ENDED NOW!

THE RAID WAS AS BRUTAL AS IT WAS UNEXPECTED!



THE NEXT DAY...

THOSE SCUFFLE-MARKS ADD UP TO ANYTHING, CHEYENNE?

THE RAIDERS WERE SIOUX! BUT THERE WAS ONE CHEYENNE AMONG THEM... I CAN TELL BY THE MOCCASIN-PRINT!

PART II  
CONTINUED  
AFTER NEXT  
STORY







CHEYENNE KID

# PEACEFUL DAVE

THE UNION COLONEL WARNED DAVE WARREN HE'D SUFFER IF HE EVER RAISED HIS HAND IN VIOLENCE AGAIN. SO DAVE SETTLED DOWN TO RUN THE GENERAL STORE...FORCED TO ENDURE THE GIBES OF GABE REILLY'S RUTHLESS GUERRILLAS. BUT EVERY INSULT DAVE TOOK WAS AVENGED SOONER OR LATER.



PEACEFUL DAVE RESENTED TAKING THE PUNISHMENT... BUT UNION CAPTAIN CLARK WAS AROUND AFTER THE FRACAS...

REMEMBER, WARREN, IF YOU MAKE TROUBLE FOR FULLER, I'LL FIND OUT!

YEAH -- AN' THEN I'LL SUFFER! I'LL REMEMBER, CAPTAIN!



FULLER WASN'T A REGULAR SOLDIER, HE WAS A GUERRILLA HUNTING FOR SOUTHERN SYMPATHIZERS... A JOB HE LIKED. DAVE WATCHED AND WAITED FOR HIS CHANCE...





# CHEYENNE KID





# CHEYENNE KID



DRAW, FULLER! USE THE GUN!



DAVE WAITED UNTIL FULLER'S GUN CLEARED LEATHER... THEN HE MOVED... FAST...

WHEN HE C'N RIDE, MR. CHILDERS, TELL HIM TUH RIDE NORTH! IF HE DON'T, I'LL LOOK HIM UP AGAIN!

THE BOY HAD THE WAGONLOAD OF SUPPLIES READY WHEN HE GOT BACK! AN HOUR LATER, HE WAS UNLOADING AT HIS STORE-- ONCE MORE PEACEFUL DAVE...



FULLER'S NOT BACK YET, WARREN! YOU PUZZLE ME! YOU'RE NOT THE TYPE TO TAKE FULLER'S BULLYING WITHOUT HITTING BACK!

YUH KNOW WHERE I'VE BEEN, CAPTAIN! I GOT THE SUPPLIES, DIDN'T I?



I HAVE A TIP FOR YOU, MISTER. YOU'RE NOT A SOLDIER-- YOUR BULLIES AREN'T EITHER. YOU'LL NEVER BE SAFE UNTIL YOU LEAVE THIS COUNTRY!



YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT! I'LL FIX YOU!

YOU'RE ALL MOUTH, MISTER AN' I AIM TO SHUT IT!



THERE WERE SIXTEEN GUERRILLAS IN THAT TOWN! DAVE'S SMASH TO THE 'CAPTAIN'S' FACE WAS THE SIGNAL THE TOWNSMEN HAD BEEN WAITING FOR...

GRAB THE RIFLES, JEFF! TELL PAPPY TUH GUARD THE ROAD OUTA TOWN!



# CHEYENNE KID

HUNT OVER, BUBBA! I'LL  
TAKE CARE O' THAT  
BUSHWHACKER!



ZING



COME OUTA THERE, YOU  
COWARDS! COME OUT  
OR I'LL SHOOT ALL  
OF YUH!

WE GIVE UP, WARREN!  
DON'T SHOOT!



YOU CAN'T FIGHT  
THE WHOLE  
UNION ARMY,  
WARREN!  
DID YOU  
THINK OF  
THAT?

YEP-- I  
THOUGHT  
ABOUT THAT  
FOR A WHOLE  
YEAR!



UNTIL I HEARD TWO OF YORE  
CROWD TALKIN' AN' HEARD  
THEY WERE DESERTERS!  
THEN, I HEARD OVER IN  
CORNWY YOU DESERTED  
UNDER FIRE TOO!



I'LL REPORT THIS  
TO THAT BONA FIDE  
UNION COLONEL!  
I HAVE A  
HUNCH HE  
DOESN'T  
LIKE DESERT-  
ERS OR  
GUERILLAS  
EITHER!

I GUESS  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT!  
BETTER  
TELL HIM WHO  
YUH ARE!  
YUH DON'T  
LOOK MUCH  
LIKE PEACE-  
FUL DAVE  
ANY MORE!





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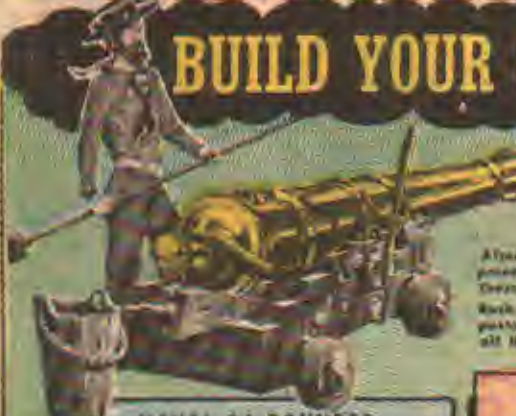
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Enclose and forward orders and 25c handling fee per gun and send International Money Order.



CHEYENNE KID

in the WATERHOLE of DOOM

Part 2

# CHEYENNE KID

WHERE YOU  
HEADED FOR?

TO THE SILENT ENCAMPMENT! THE  
NEXT TIME YOU SEE ME... SILENT  
OTTER WILL BE AT MY SIDE, HIS  
HANDS BOUND TIGHT BEHIND HIM!

YOU THINK SILENT  
OTTER LEFT  
THAT POINT?

I AM  
SURE  
OF IT!

NOT LONG AFTER...

THE LONG-STICK SCOUT  
WHO IS CALLED THE  
CHEYENNE KID COMES  
RIDING!

HMM... I HAVE HEARD  
HE IS A MIGHTY  
WARRIOR! WHY DO  
YOU SMILE, SILENT  
OTTER?

BECAUSE I KNOW IT IS FOR  
ME THAT HE COMES! AND I  
KNOW NOW WITH THIS STRING  
OF HORSES THAT I STOLE ON  
THE RAID... I SHALL LEAD  
CHEYENNE TO HIS DOOM!

WHOOA-UP!

THAT'S SILENT OTTER  
HIGHTAILING IT AWAY  
FROM THE  
ENCAMPMENT!



## CHEYENNE KID

THE CHEYENNE KID HAS TURNED HIS HORSE! HE GIVES CHASE TO SILENT OTTER!

SILENT OTTER HAS MUCH CRAFTINESS... ENOUGH TO DO AS HE SAID... TO LEAD HIS ENEMY TO HIS DOOM!



THE CHASE LASTED THROUGH MANY LONG SUN-BAKED DAYS AND MANY LONG COLD NIGHTS! USING THE STRING OF FRESH HORSES HE HAD TAKEN WITH HIM, SILENT OTTER STAYED AHEAD OF THE CHEYENNE KID!



AND AS SILENT OTTER RODE, HE KEPT SMILING CRAFTILY!

CHEYENNE DOES NOT REALIZE THAT I AM LURING HIM INTO A DESERT THAT HE HAS NEVER CROSSED BEFORE!



...THAT BY THE TIME HE REACHES A CERTAIN WATERHOLE, HE SHALL BE FEELING MUCH THIRST! AND SINCE I SHALL REMOVE THE WARNING SIGN, HE SHALL DRINK HIS FULL OF UNSAFE WATER!



A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

THESE WERE THE THREADS OF CIRCUMSTANCE THAT HAVE BROUGHT THIS TO PASS! AND NOW, AS IF PROPELLED BY PARCHING THIRST, THE CHEYENNE KID BREAKS INTO A RUN! CLOSER AND CLOSER HE COMES...

...TO HIS DOOM!





# CHEYENNE KID



THE CHASE HAS ENDED AS I FORETOLD! AND NOW BEFORE CHEYENNE'S EYES CLOSE FOREVER, LET ME STRIDE FORWARD!



LET THE LAST THING HE SEES BEFORE HE CLOSSES HIS EYES FOREVER, BE HIS MORTAL ENEMY!



SILENT OTTER, WHO LURED HIM TO HIS DOOM, STANDING VICTORIOUSLY OVER HIM!





# CHEYENNE KID



AGAIN YOU ARE TOO STRONG FOR ME! BUT HOW CAN THIS BE? DID YOU NOT (GASP) DRINK OF THE BAD WATER?

NO, SILENT OTTER! I DIDN'T DRINK THE WATER!

THERE WAS NO SIGN, AND I'D NEVER HAVE KNOWN THE HOLE TO BE THERE IF NOT FOR ONE THING! YOU COULDN'T SEE IT FROM WHERE YOU WERE HIDING, BECAUSE A RISE IN THE SAND BLOCKED YOUR VIEW!



BUT THAT DEAD COYOTE LYING THERE MUST HAVE DRUNK ITS FILL BETWEEN THE TIME YOU REMOVED THE WARNING MARKER AND THE TIME I SHOWED UP! SEEING THE COYOTE TOLD ME ALL I HAD TO KNOW ABOUT THAT WATER!

AND IT MADE ME SMELL A RAT, TOO! AND SMELLING A RAT MEANT YOU HAD TO BE HEREBABOUTS! SO I FAKED DRINKING THE WATER, COUNTING ON YOU TO DANCE OUT TO MAKE SURE I WAS A GONER!





## CHEYENNE KID

A FEW DAYS LATER...

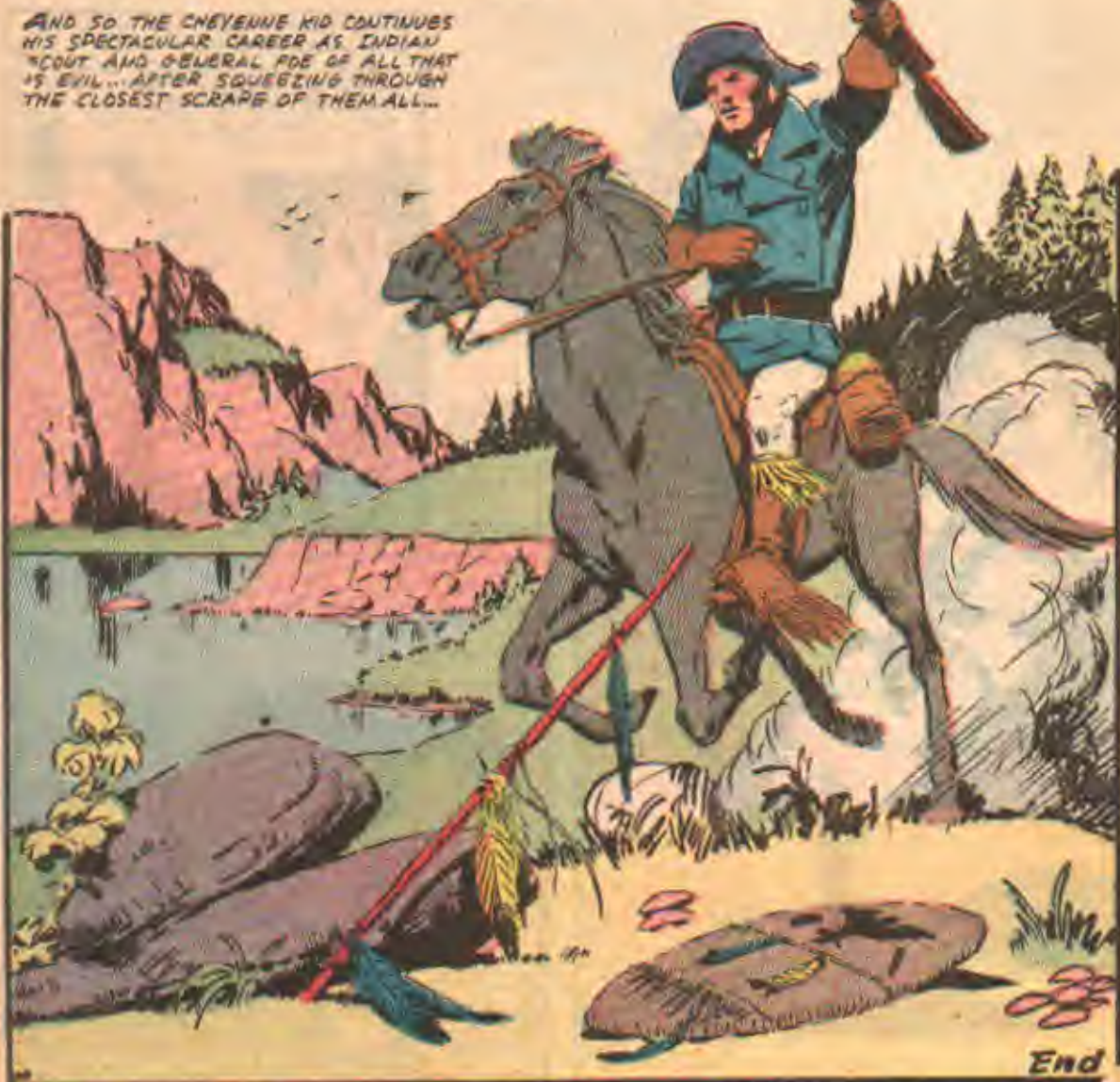
LOOK! THE CHEYENNE KID KEPT HIS WORD! THIS IS THE NEXT TIME WE'RE SEEING HIM!



...AND THERE'S SILENT OTTER AT HIS SIDE, WITH HIS HANDS BOUND TIGHT BEHIND HIM!



AND SO THE CHEYENNE KID CONTINUES HIS SPECTACULAR CAREER AS INDIAN SCOUT AND GENERAL Foe OF ALL THAT IS EVIL... AFTER SQUEEZING THROUGH THE CLOSEST SCRAPE OF THEM ALL...





## "MAJORS' MAJOR ADVENTURE WITH INDIANS"

Alexander Majors spent his life in the West of a growing America. He was the genius who created the Pony Express. And today we are going to interview him, in regard to an adventure he had with Indians. He is now retired and we visit him in the living room of his ranch, because the years are beginning to tell on him, he no longer does any active work. His eyes are still bright and he insists he could stay in the saddle all day long. He is ready to speak:

"In the early part of June, 1850, I loaded my train, consisting of ten wagons, drawn by 130 Oxen at Kansas City, Mo. In it, was merchandise destined for Santa Fe, N.M. a distance of about eight hundred miles, so I started out on my long trip.

I was then out some eight or ten days and travelling through what was then called Indian Territory. Four years later it was organized and called Kansas. Arriving one evening at a stream known as One Hundred and Ten, I camped for the night, unyoked my oxen and turned them upon the grass. Finding the grass so good and the animals weary with the day's work I thought they would not stroll away. Therefore I did not put any guard, as was my custom.

I arose at early dawn the following morning saddled my horse, which by the way was a good one. I then told my assistant to arouse the teamsters, so they could be ready to yoke their teams as soon as I drove them into the corral, which was formed by the wagons.

I rounded up what was supposed to be all the herd, but in rounding them up before reaching the wagons, I discovered that there were a number of them missing. I then made a circle, leaving the ones I had herded together. I had not travelled very far when I struck the trail of the

missing oxen. It was very plain and I could ride my horse on a gallop and keep track of it.

I had not travelled more than a mile, when I discovered the tracks of Indian ponies. I then knew the Indians had driven off my oxen; thinking quietly I remembered I was unarmed. I did not think it was necessary to take my gun when I left the wagons. We had not yet reached the portion of the territory where we would expect to meet hostile Indians. So I went ahead on the trail thinking it was some half-friendly ones that had driven my oxen away, as they sometimes did in order to get a fee for finding and bringing them back again.

I expected to overtake them at any moment, for the trail looked very fresh as though they were only a short distance ahead of me. So on and on I went, galloping my horse most of the time, until I had gone about twelve miles from my camp. I passed through a skirt of timber that divided one portion of the open prairie from the other. And there I overtook thirty-four head of my oxen resting from their travel.

About sixty yards to the east of the cattle were six painted Indian braves. They had dismounted from their horses, each one leaning against his horse with his right hand resting upon his saddle. I came upon them suddenly, the timber prevented them from seeing me, until I was within a few rods of them. I threw up my hand, went in a lope around my oxen, giving some hideous yells, and told the cattle they could go back to the wagons on the trail they had come. They at once heeded me and started. I never saw six meaner or more surprised men than those six braves. I think they thought I had an armed party just behind me, for I acted so courageously. Leaving the six Indians stand-



ing in dismay I followed my cattle ready to take them back.

The oxen and myself were soon out of sight in the forest and that is the last I saw of the six braves who had been sent out by their chief the night before to steal the oxen. Very soon after I got through the timber and into the prairie again, I met from time to time one or two Indians. They were trotting along on their ponies following the trail that the cattle made when their comrades drove them off. When within a short distance of the herd they would leave the trail and leave plenty of space to the cattle. They would fall in behind me and trot on toward the six braves I had left.

I will say here that I began to feel very much elated over my success in capturing my cattle from six armed Indians and being given the right of way by other parties also armed. But I did not have to travel very far under the pleasant reflection that I was a hero. When I was about half way back to the wagons I looked ahead about half a mile. There I saw a large body of Indians comprising some twenty-five warriors, that proved to be under the command of their chief. They were armed and coming toward me. I began to feel a little smaller than I had a few minutes previously, for I was entirely unarmed. Even if I had been armed, what would I have done against 25 Indians?

My fears were very soon realized. For when they arrived within a few hundred yards of me and the chief saw me returning with the cattle he had sent his braves to drive off, he went into action. He commanded his men to make a descent upon me and he undertook the job of leading them. They raised a hideous yell and started toward me.

If my oxen had not been driven so far and become so exhausted, I would have had a royal stampede. The animals only ran a few hundred yards until I succeeded in holding them up. By this time the Indians had reached me and my cattle. The braves surrounded the cattle, the chief came at the top of his horse's speed directly toward me with his gun drawn up in a striking attitude. Of course I did not allow him to get in reaching distance. I turned my horse and put spur to him. He was a splendid animal and it was easy for me to keep out of the reach of the chief. His desire was to scare, not to kill me, or cause me to run away and leave my herd.

This chasing me off for some distance was repeated three times.

I returned in close proximity each time to where his braves surrounded the cattle on every side. Some were on foot, holding their ponies

and others were on horseback. Those who had alighted were dancing and yelling at the top of their voices. In line between me and the group of braves, were the chief and one of his braves, armed with bow and arrow.

When I got within thirty or forty yards of him he beckoned me to come to him; signs were our only communications. I rode cautiously up to the chief, with our horses' heads in the same direction. When I stopped to see what he was going to do, the brave slid off his horse. He made a lunge to catch the bridle of my horse, when suddenly the animal jumped quickly moving far enough so the brave missed getting hold of the rein.

Had he succeeded in the attempt they would have taken my horse and oxen and cleared out leaving me standing on the prairie. The brave remounted and the chief rode slowly toward me. When they got within a few feet of me, they reined up their ponies. The brave suddenly drew his bow at full bend with a sharp pointed steel in the end of the arrow. He aimed at my heart!

Of course there was no time for doing anything but to keep my eye steadfast on his. While in this position he pronounced the word "say" with all the force he could summon. I did not at that time understand what he meant. The chief relieved my suspense by holding up his ten fingers and pointing to the oxen. I then understood that if I gave him ten of my animals he would not put the arrow through my heart. I felt that I could not spare that number and move my train to its destination. So I refused.

He then threw up five fingers and motioned to the cattle. Again I shook my head. He then motioned to me to say how many I would give and I held up one finger. The moment I did so he gave the word of command to his braves. They whirled into line and selected one of the animals. Then they left me and the rest on the prairie.

I had held them there so long refusing to let them go without following them that I think they were afraid some of my party would overtake me. I did feel helpless on this occasion. To give them the animals would have been financial ruin. Yet I kept all but one — and also my life. So it wasn't such a terrible adventure at that when I look back at it."

Some time in the future we will again pay a visit to this famous pioneer and listen to more of his tales about the early West.

THE END —



CHEYENNE KID

# CHEYENNE KID

GERONIMO  
THE WAR CHIEF  
of THE APACHES

PART I

THE GREATEST OF THE APACHE -- THE FIERCEST WARRIOR IN THE SOUTH-WEST... WAS A MAN WHO WANTED PEACE FOR HIS PEOPLE! MEXICAN TROOPS WIPE OUT HIS FAMILY, CROOKED AMERICAN TRADERS CHEATED HIS PEOPLE, YET GERONIMO WENT ON, WENT ON, SEEKING AN HONORABLE TREATY! AND, UNTIL HE MET THE MAN CALLED THE CHEYENNE KID, IT SEEMED HOPELESS!

LOOK, GERONIMO WE'RE HERE TO MAKE PEACE! THE YELLOW LEGGED SOLDIERS AREN'T ON THE WARPATH! THEY JUST...

YOU LIE AS THE OTHER WHITE MEN LIE! YOU TRY TO TRAP ME TOO!





# CHEYENNE KID

COLONEL TARBES SENT FOR CHEYENNE JONES. THE ARMY WAS TRYING TO RESTORE PEACE TO THE FRONTIER -- AND TO DO IT, THEY HAD TO FIND GERONIMO...

GERONIMO WON'T PARLEY WITH AN ARMY OFFICER! WILL YOU RIDE WITH A DETAIL...GIVE HIM OUR TERMS?

GERONIMO'S GOT RIGHT ON HIS SIDE, COLONEL. BUT I'LL TALK TO HIM!

BUT IF ANY MAN IN THE DETAIL MAKES ONE WRONG MOVE, WE'LL ALL BE WIPED OUT! SELECT THE MEN CAREFULLY, SIR!



REMEMBER, TURNER. I'M RUNNIN' THIS SHOW! GERONIMO IS NO FOOL-- DON'T TRY TO TRICK HIM-- OR ME!

WE KNOW HOW TUH TREAT GERONIMO, MISTER! DON'T TELL US WHAT TUH DO!

THE CHEYENNE KID LED THE DETAIL SOUTH AND WEST FROM THE FORT! HE HAD A HUNCH GERONIMO WOULD FIND THEM...

YOU'RE WASTING TIME, JONES!

NO, I'M NOT, TURNER! GERONIMO'S PROBABLY UP THERE ON A PEAK, WATCHIN' US RIGHT NOW! AN' WONDERIN'...



...WHAT WE'RE UP TO! AN' IF I KNOW HIM, HE'LL MAKE IT HIS BUSINESS TUH FIND OUT! THIS IS HIS COUNTRY!

THE WHITE SCOUT DELAYS THEM! HE KNOWS I AM HERE! HE'S WAITING FOR ME TO GO TO HIM!





# CHEYENNE KID

THE CHEYENNE KID DELIBERATELY MADE HIMSELF A TARGET FOR THE APACHES! HE WAS BAITING A TRAP--USING HIMSELF FOR BAIT...

THERE'S AN INDIAN NEAR HERE SOMEWHERE! I HOPE IT'S GERONIMO!



WHAT...GERONIMO! I'M THE CHEYENNE WHITE BRAVE! I SAW YUH ONCE WHEN I WAS YOUNGER!

YOU ARE THE MAN CALLED CHEYENNE KID! I KNOW YOU!



WHAT DO YOU WANT IN MY COUNTRY? IF I RAISE MY ARM, YOU DIE!

IF I DO, YOUR TRIBE WILL SUFFER TOO! I CAME FOR PEACE TALK, CHIEF! I HAVE SOLDIERS WITH ME!



THE GREAT WARRIOR'S EYES NARROWED. SOLDIERS HAD ALWAYS MEANT TRAPS TO THE APACHE...

I WON'T LET THEM DOUBLE CROSS YUH, GERONIMO! TRUST ME!

I WILL SEE! I WILL SHOW MYSELF AGAIN WHEN YOU ARE WITH THE YELLOW LEG SOLDIERS!



IF YOU'RE SELLING US OUT, CHEYENNE, I'LL...

DON'T BE STUPID, TURNER! AND, REMEMBER YOUR ORDERS! WE MEAN NO HARM TO GERONIMO!





# CHEYENNE KID

IF WE COULD FINISH OFF GERONIMO, WE'D BOTH GET PROMOTIONS! HE'D TRAP US IF HE COULD!

SHUT UP, SERGEANT! CHEYENNE JONES MIGHT HEAR YOU!

THE DETAIL RODE ON -- UNTIL THE CHEYENNE KID, SENSING SOMETHING, HALTED THE DETAIL. HE RODE ON ALONE.



HOLD YOUR MEN, TURNER! WE COME IN PEACE, GERONIMO!

THE MEN WITH YOU BEAR WEAPONS. DO THEY KNOW WHEN TO USE THEM -- AND WHEN NOT TO?



THIS IS THE CHANCE I BEEN WAITIN' FOR!

PERHAPS HE HEARD THE SNICK OF THE HAMMER BEING COCKED... PERHAPS GERONIMO SAW THE RIFLE GLEAM IN THE SUN. HOWEVER HE KNEW, HE LEAPED ASIDE.





## CHEYENNE KID





# CHEYENNE KID

GERONIMO, CAUGHT IN THE OPEN, DIDN'T RUN FOR SHELTER! HE FACED THEM PROUDLY, FIRING COOLLY AT HIS HATED FOE...



NO, YUH DON'T, HOMBRE!



WATCH IT, GERONIMO!



THE BATTLE LASTED ONLY A FEW MINUTES -- BUT GERONIMO'S ANCIENT ENEMIES SUFFERED A SHARP DEFEAT...

WITHOUT YOUR HELP, CHEYENNE, THEY MIGHT HAVE TAKEN ME!

THE ARMY DETAIL FOUGHT SHARP TOO, GERONIMO! MAYBE NOW YUH'LL LISTEN TO SOME PEACE TALK!



THE CHEYENNE KID MADE NO DEMANDS... HE ASKED GERONIMO TO INSTRUCT HIS WARRIORS TO STOP RAIDING AMERICAN FORTS AND WAGON TRAINS! THE APACHE CHIEF READILY AGREED...

MY MEN WILL MAKE NO MORE TROUBLE -- BUT, REMEMBER, OTHERS MAY, AND THEY WILL TRY TO BLAME MY BEDONKHO WARRIORS!

I'LL WARN THE COLONEL OF THAT, GERONIMO! WHEN NEXT WE MEET, I HOPE WE MEET AS FRIENDS! ADIOS, AMIGO!





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# CHEYENNE KID

## IN GERONIMO'S CHALLENGE

THE APACHES HAD ELECTED GERONIMO WAR CHIEF OF ALL THEIR TRIBES -- HE WAS THE FIERCEST OF THEM ALL IN BATTLE! HE BOASTED THAT HE COULD BEAT ANY WARRIOR IN HIS TRIBE IN COMBAT, USING ANY WEAPON THEY CHOSE! AND, HE ALWAYS WON, UNTIL HE CHALLENGED THE CHEYENNE KID!

### Part 2

GIVE UP, CHIEF,  
OR I'LL LET  
YOU FALL!

UNGH! NO! GERONIMO  
WILL NOT BE DEFEATED  
BY CHEYENNE WHITE  
BRAVE!



WHEN THE CHEYENNE KID REPORTED BACK TO COLONEL TARBEES AFTER HIS FIRST MEETING, HE WAS DELIGHTED...

JUST KEEP YORE SOLDIERS FROM SHOOTIN' UP APACHES, AN' YUH'LL HAVE PEACE!

THAT SOUNDS SIMPLE! BUT WHAT IF GERONIMO CHANGES HIS MIND?





## CHEYENNE KID





# CHEYENNE KID



WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!  
IF WE DO IT RIGHT, WE  
CAN BLAME IT ON  
GERONIMO!  
SADDLE UP!



I HOPE YOU KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
DOIN', BARLOW!

JUST LEAVE IT TUH  
ME! I'LL FIX THE  
CHEYENNE KID...  
BUT GOOD!



THEY KNOW I'M HERE--  
THEY'RE SHADOWIN' ME  
EVERY STEP! IT'S  
SAFER THIS WAY--NONE  
OF THEM'LL JUMP  
ME NOW!

HE KNEW OF GERONIMO'S STRONGHOLD... THE PLACE OF  
BIG MEDICINE! HE RODE THERE UNMOLESTED! AN ARMY  
WOULD'VE BEEN DRIVEN BACK...

WELCOME, CHEYENNE! YOU RIDE  
WITH THE STEALTH OF A COYOTE!  
MY SENTRIES DID NOT  
SEE YOU!

YOU'RE KIDDIN',  
GERONIMO! YOUR  
BOYS HAVE BEEN  
TRAILIN' ME ALL  
DAY! GOT WATER?  
I'M REAL DRY!



AT GERONIMO'S ORDER,  
A FEAST WAS GIVEN IN  
THE CHEYENNE KID'S  
HONOR THAT NIGHT...



YOUR BRAVES  
ARE STRONG!  
THEY FIGHT WELL!

I HAVE BESTED  
THEM ALL IN COMBAT!  
YOU, WHITE WARRIOR,  
YOU ARE STRONG!  
WILL YOU WRESTLE  
ONE OF MY BRAVES?



# CHEYENNE KID





## CHEYENNE KID

RIDE WITH ME, GERONIMO!  
I WILL SHOW YOU HOW WE  
HANDLE COYOTES LIKE  
THEM / I'M PRETTY  
SURE IT'S BARLOW AN'  
PASCH, TWO TRADERS!



THE CHEYENNE KID AND GERONIMO FOUND THE TRADERS' TRAIL / THEY HAD ALREADY JOINED LT. TURNER'S DETACHMENT AT A SPRING...



THAT'S GERONIMO  
ISN'T IT? WHY'D  
YOU BRING HIM  
HERE?

WE'RE GONNA  
SKIN A COUPLE  
OF SNAKES!  
BARLOW AN'  
PASCH!



YOU TWO PISTOL WHIPPED  
A WARRIOR THIS MORNIN',  
BARLOW! WHY?

THAT'S OUR  
BUSINESS!  
GET AWAY  
FROM US,  
CHEYENNE!



BARLOW NEVER HAD A  
CHANCE TO DUCK / THE  
CHEYENNE KID DISRE-  
GARDED PASCH WHO  
WAS GOING FOR HIS  
GUN...





# CHEYENNE KID



FOR PART III SEE THE LAST STORY



CHEYENNE KID

# THEY WENT BEFORE

**B**EFORE THE SETTLERS ROLLED WEST, BEFORE THE RAILROADS, EVEN BEFORE THE EXPLORERS RECORDED THE DETAILS WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI... THE LONG KNIVES WERE THERE, TRAPPING THE BEAVER AND OTTER, LIVING ALONE IN CONSTANT DANGER AND LOVING IT!

COME ON, BOYS, CLIMB! I'LL THROW YUH DOWN AGAIN WHEN YUH GET THIS FAR! AN' THEN, I'LL DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR LIKE I ALWAYS DO!



TELL YORE CHIEF I'LL SEE HIM WHEN I'M READY!



DICK EAGLES WAS ONE OF A HANDFUL... MEN WHO FEARED NEITHER THE COUNTRY NOR THE INDIANS...

THE INJUNS ARE PURTY THICK AROUND HERE! I RECKON I'D BETTER MOSEY NORTH TUH THE BIG HORN A WHILE!





# CHEYENNE KID

THE TRAPPER WAS CAUGHT OUT IN THE OPEN! HE HAD NO CHANCE SO HE DIDN'T TRY TO RUN...

YUH GONNA HOLD ME OR LET ME GO, CHIEF?



WHY SHOULD I LET YOU GO? YOU KILL OUR GAME FASTER THAN TEN OF OUR MEN!

LOOK, CHIEF, YUH WON'T GET MY SCALP FOR TWO REASONS...



THIS IS ONE REASON, CHIEF! BEFORE YUH COULD MOVE A FINGER, I'D SHOOT!



IT WAS A TENSE MOMENT! THE CHIEF COULDN'T LET DICK EAGLES GET AWAY WITH A THREAT, AND DICK KNEW IT. SO HE TOOK OFF HIS HAT...

THIS IS THE OTHER REASON! I GOT NO SCALP FOR YUH TUH TAKE!



YOU CAN TRAP IN PEACE, WHITE BROTHER!

THAT'S BETTER! I SURE THOUGHT I'D HAVE TUH FIGHT TUH GET OUT OF HERE!



THOSE FIRST FEW, THE ONES WHO WENT BEFORE, WERE UNUSUAL MEN! THEY WERE TOUGH, FEARLESS... AND DEADLY IN BATTLE! THE SETTLERS WHO CAME LATER PROFITED -- THE INDIANS THOUGHT THEY WERE OF THE SAME BREED...

I'M SURPRISED! THESE INDIANS RESPECT US!

ENJOY IT WHILE IT LASTS! ONE O' THESE DAYS THEY'RE GONNA LEARN THAT YOU DUDES ARE DIFFERENT!



END



# CHEYENNE KID

## CHEYENNE KID

**T**ATE SIOANE'S GUNSLINGERS HAD SEEN THE GOLD... AND THEY KNEW THE BRAVES WERE OUT HUNTING BUFFALO! IT SEEMED A SIMPLE MATTER TO RUSH THE CAMP... UNTIL THEY RAN INTO CHEYENNE JONES...

## THE ONE MAN WAR PARTY

IT'S THE CHEYENNE KID! HE WARNED THE OTHERS -- THAT'S WHY WE RAN INTO A LOT OF INDIANS!

THEY'D CHARGE IF THEY KNEW I WAS ALONE! THE OTHER BRAVES ARE ALL OUT HUNTING BUFFALO!



THE CHEYENNE KID SPOTTED THE INDIAN PONY FIRST... THEN HE HEARD A MOAN...

I'M CHEYENNE JONES, BROTHER. WHAT HAPPENED?

WHITE MEN TAKE GOLD BAND FROM WRISTS, LEGS. THEY ARE EVIL. MAN NAMED SIOANE IS MOST EVIL.





# CHEYENNE KID





# CHEYENNE KID





# CHEYENNE KID



A FEW OF YOUR MEN WERE HERE...  
HEY! I NEED SOME WAR  
BONNETS AND THOSE JARS  
OF WAR PAINT!



WHY DOES AN  
WHITE BROTHER  
PAINT FOR WAR?

I WANTA LOOK INJUN--  
I WANT TO LOOK LIKE  
HALF A DOZEN DIFFER-  
ENT INJUNS! GET ME  
A BOW AND ARROWS  
QUICK! AND A  
LANCE!



SLOANE AND HIS GANG CAME ON FAST! THEY  
HAD SEEN THE TRACKS AND KNEW THE  
BRAVES WERE AWAY FROM THE VILLAGE...

WE'LL RUSH 'EM! THERE'S ONLY  
SQUADS AND KIDS THERE!



SLOANE'S MEN RODE IN SHOOTING! A BRAVE  
ROSE FROM BEHIND A ROCK, TOOK HIM, AND...

I THOUGHT YOU SAID  
THE BRAVES WERE...

ZING!



THE OUTLAWS PAUSED... AND FROM ANOTHER  
ROCK...

I WAS GOOD AT THIS WHEN  
I LIVED WITH THE CHEYENNES!  
AND SLOANE WILL THINK I'M  
ANOTHER INDIAN BRAVE!



I'M LICKED! THERE'S AN INJUN  
SHARPSHOOTER BEHIND EVERY  
ROCK! SLOANE LED US INTO  
A TRAP!



# CHEYENNE KID



SLOANE'S MEN QUIT... AND SLOANE HIMSELF WAS GLAD TO TURN BACK...

YUH SAID THE CAMP WAS DESERTED.

MUST'VE BEEN A DOZEN WARRIORS IN THAT WAR PARTY.



YUH MADE A MISTAKE, SLOANE! YUH'LL NEVER GET THAT GOLD!

YES, I WILL! WE'LL HIT 'EM AFTER DARK!



YUH'RE GOIN' TUH JAIL, SLOANE! YORE SIDEKICKS TOO!

IT'S THE CHEYENNE KID! GET HIM!



THIS IS MORE LIKE IT, GENTS!



THE GUNFIGHT WAS SHORT... AND WHAT WAS LEFT OF SLOANE'S GANG DIDN'T MAKE ANY TROUBLE...

YUH WIN THIS POT, CHEYENNE! WHAT'RE YUH GONNA DO?

PUT YOU CRITTERS IN JAIL! THEN I'M GOIN' BACK TO THAT INJUN CAMP!



I KNEW YUH HAD AN ANGLE! YUH'LL GET THE GOLD YORESELF!

THEY CAN KEEP THE GOLD! I LENT THE CHIEF MY BEST NECK-ERCHIEF FOR HIS ARM! I WANT IT BACK!

END



# CHEYENNE KID JUDGE BEAN'S *JUSTICE*



JUDGE ROY BEAN, REALLY A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE IN VINEGARWOOD, TEXAS, DEALT OUT LAW IN HIS OWN WAY! ONE CASE WAS TYPICAL -- THREE GAMBLERS WERE ACCUSED OF CHEATING A STAGE COACH DRIVER OUT OF HIS ROLL PLUS THE STAGE COACH HORSES...





# CHEYENNE KID

WAIT RIGHT THERE! TRY TUH  
GET AWAY AN' I'LL SKIN YUH!



PICK UP THE MONEY,  
DRIVER!



THE  
THREE  
CROOKED  
GAMBLERS  
WERE  
FIRST  
SEARCHED,  
THEN  
PUT TO  
WORK  
HARNESS-  
ING THE  
STAGE  
COACH  
HORSES!  
JUDGE  
BEAN  
WAS  
COUNTING  
MONEY...

I GOT WHAT THEY CHEATED ME  
OUTA, JUDGE! THERE'S  
SIXTY DOLLARS  
LEFT!



THAT'S FINE! I HEREBY  
FINE 'EM TWENTY DOLLARS  
APIECE FOR CHEAT-  
ING AN IGNORANT  
MAN!



IN ADDITION, I DECLARE  
THEY GOTTA GET OUTA THE  
PECOS TERRITORY! IF I  
CATCH YUM CHEATIN' HERE  
AGAIN, YOU'LL WIND UP  
IN BOOT HILL!



THAT WAS JUDGE BEAN'S  
JUSTICE! CRUDE BUT  
EFFECTIVE...

COURT'S  
ADJOURNED -- DRINK UP,  
EVERYBODY! THEM TRIALS  
SLOW BUSINESS DOWN  
TO A STANDSTILL!



END





## "A RIDING YOU WILL GO"

During the week days I do my western riding at a local place within five minutes from my home. I get up early in the morning and Bucky is ready for me at the stable. I got out for an hour's ride. Back home and a shower and ready to do my western fiction and true articles the balance of the day. Over the week ends I go up country to some of the Dude ranches and other riding establishments.

At the start of this week, Dickie's mother came to me with a "sad" tale of woe. "My son would like to ride western, but you know what I mean. He just isn't a born rider. Too bad."

I get this story over and over again. It is just plain nonsense! You aren't born a rider. And don't tell me about the Indians because I have Indian blood in my veins. The redskin couldn't be a born rider because for centuries his culture was horseless! This is a historical fact. Strictly speaking, the first American horses were those of whose fossil remains, Clark Wissler has written about with learning and authority. Those animals vanished from the scene many years ago. If you go to a museum you can get an idea of what they once looked like. Horses began in this country in the sixteenth century.

The Spaniards brought them to the New World. At the start the natives here could hardly distinguish between rider and horse. Both had armor. Later they could see that the rider was one creature and the horse another. Horses were valuable. When Cortez set out from Cuba a good horse was worth four to five hundred gold pesos. A lot of money in those days and in these!

The experts disagree on how the Indians got

those early horses. Some like to say that horses escaped from the Spaniards and went wild, increased in numbers and were later captured by the Indians. Other experts say those horses could never have survived by themselves against stronger natural foes. So they were either stolen or traded for by the Indians.

When the Indians got those horses they had to take care of them and break them in for riding or for transportation. Now right here is the essential difference between the Cowboy and the Indian on one side and the young boy or girl on the other side. That first group rode a horse for WORK! The cowboy used his horse as a unit of WORK. It took him all around the ranch and the surrounding territory. It took him to town. It was essentially a method of transportation. Then he used it to check on the cattle, in the round up, in the drive, and in roping the creatures. Actually the life on the saddle was a sort of "home" for the cowboy. I have spoken to old timers and you'd be surprised to learn how many hours a day they lived in the saddle.

The Indian used his horse for raids on other tribes as well as on white settlements. He used it when he went hunting for the buffalo. He used it for the travois. All this was WORK! Among the Blackfoot it was customary for a young, single or married man to break his own horses. Teen-aged boys broke those horses belonging to the older members of their families. Boys with plenty of nerve began breaking horses at 12 or 13 years of age. Others did not try it until they were in the middle or later teens. There were even a few who were afraid to break horses and never did.



Now let's look at the young boy or girl of today. And we can also include the adult who never went on back of a horse. This group rides for PLEASURE! You want to enjoy yourself while on back of a horse. You might even dress up in a modern version of the "cowboy." Your cowboy boots may be expensive and well decorated and that Stetson may have even made a dent in your pocket book. But to enjoy yourself you must know how to ride.

You can be taught how to ride. Get this right into your skull. The so-called "natural" rider doesn't exist! Up where we ride in the country you hear a parent boast something like this: "My son is a natural rider. Born to it! Why as a five year old he used to go bareback on our horse. Nothing he can't do with a horse."

Applesauce! That kid just started early to remain on back of a horse. He may have picked up some good ideas and — also some bad ones about riding. There's a lot he can't do with horses. So you cheer up for you are going to learn to ride. Not in one day. It will take you a period of time. It would be swell if you could get an expert to help you. The only trouble is that you don't know whether or not the person is an expert. The fact that a person remains in the saddle doesn't make an expert out of him. And even if he is an expert rider — he or she must also be an expert teacher. A lot of the old timers I knew rarely ever gave a thought to the physical principles of skilled riding.

There's an old saying to the effect that the best writer on horseback riding is a horse. Unfortunately horses can't write. No doubt if they did they would be able to give us a lot of sound hints and valuable suggestions. Perhaps something like this:

"All I can do is to obey signals that have been taught to me. Honestly, I haven't the slightest idea in the world what you mean."

"In the movies you see horses do those tricks. Have a heart! I'm not a stunt horse. You want to ride, so ride."

"Maybe you are comfortable in that saddle. But I am having a tough time with it on my back. The fellow who designed that saddle ought to have given as much consideration to the horse as to the rider."

"You certainly are giving me a tough time. The ability to make work easy for a horse is the mark of a true horseman."

"Ever hear the word balance? Go find out about it. You sit on my back like a ton of bricks. I'm more uncomfortable than you are."

"You really ought to learn something about a horse. So that when you are talking you don't sound foolish."

Now, since you are going to sit in a saddle, there should be some fundamental principles for you to remember that can be helpful:

Is there a single key that can make you a good rider? I would say that you have to understand that BALANCE is the key of skilled riding because it is also the first fundamental of a good seat. But balance alone isn't sufficient. And you can see why with a bit of thinking. You are riding on your horse. You have perfect balance. Suddenly that comes right smack up against a little squirrel you never even noticed. What then? You could be on the ground with your mount doing a run-away-stunt and not for your benefit.

Evidently you must be ready to apply a strong leg grip in this situation. And it must be done in a flash of a second, almost "instinctively." If you had to think about it or decide what to do — it would be too late for action. Now you can learn to grip the wrong way; that is with the knees. I know that the chances are a lot of friends have told you to grip with your knees.

Actually you grip with your entire leg way down to the ankles. This is sound because you are using practically the entire length of the leg instead of just a portion. Got to have good muscles and you can develop them by using them. Yesterday what happened to me shouldn't even happen to the villain in the western fiction story. There was a 65 foot drop from the little bridge and my horse acted up. But I remained on his back. Not with a knee grip — for I would have been off the horse and off the bridge. But with an entire leg grip.

Something is missing from this discussion? Of course it is — now we come to it — the stirrups. Get the stirrups the proper length and you can use a foot grip and also have balance. Because with that proper stirrup length, in a flash of a second, you are ready for action with the foot in case something goes wrong.

In future articles we will take up other factors and one important one will be the handling of the reins. But at present we have you on your horses, your feet in the stirrup, and you have your head up. Keep your heels down an inch or two lower than the ball of your foot. It is the pressure of the ball of your foot in the stirrup that does the trick. Your feet are not flapping away from the horse for if they do — how can you be ready for the emergency? Your legs are really where they should be — snug against the horse's sides and almost to the ankles.

So you are now ready. But don't — if you are a boy — go out with your girl yet to show how wonderful a rider you are. Do the riding by yourself and with a good teacher. It is possible that she is doing the same thing at the same time at another riding academy. Anyway, until the next article, pleasant riding, pardner.

THE END

35



## CHEYENNE KID

THE MAN THEY CALLED MUSTANG NEVER WORE GUNS...HE SAID HE DIDN'T NEED THEM TO TAME HORSES...AND HE DIDN'T CARE ABOUT TAMING MEN! BUT OTTO KURTZ WOULDN'T LEAVE HIM ALONE...AND OTTO LEARNED THE HARD WAY THAT THE BRONC-STOMPER COULD HANDLE HUMAN OUTLAWS TOO!

# BRONC-STOMPER



THE MAN THEY CALLED MUSTANG WAS GOOD AT HIS JOB! HE WORKED ON SHARES FOR DAVE NEVINS WHO PAID HIM WELL...

YOU'VE GOT A WAY WITH HORSES, MUSTANG! THIS ONE WAS WILD A WEEK AGO!

HORSES REACT TO KINDNESS, MR. NEVINS! THEY'RE BETTER THAN PEOPLE THAT WAY!

YOU'RE A STRANGER HERE, MUSTANG! THERE'S A HARD-CASE NAMED OTTO KURTZ WHO'LL BE HERE SOON! LET HIM HAVE A DOZEN HORSES, ANY THAT HE LIKES!

I'VE HEARD OF KURTZ! DID HE BUY THE HORSES, NEVINS?





# CHEYENNE KID

NO, MUSTANG, HE DIDN'T! IT'S... IT'S BETTER THIS WAY, THAT'S ALL!

I GUESS I UNDERSTAND, NEVINS! I'LL LET KURTZ HAVE HIS PICK!



THE BRONC STOMPER WAS BUSY AT HIS TRADE WHEN OTTO KURTZ APPEARED! HE HAD TWO GUNSLINGERS WITH HIM...

I'LL TAKE THE BEST HORSES NEVINS' GOT, MUSTANG! THAT ONE YOU'RE LEADIN' WILL DO FOR ONE!

I GENTLED THIS ONE FOR MYSELF, KURTZ! PICK AGAIN!



YUH HEARD THE BOSS, BUSTER!

GUN 'IM IF HE MAKES A MOVE, ART! C'MERE, YUH!



THE BRONC STOMPER RESPECTED THE STEADY COLT... UNTIL OTTO BEGAN MANHANDLING THE COLT!

CUT THAT OUT! LAY OFF, KURTZ!

EASY BUDDY, EASY, OR...



...OR WHAT?



I SAID TUN STOP, KURTZ!

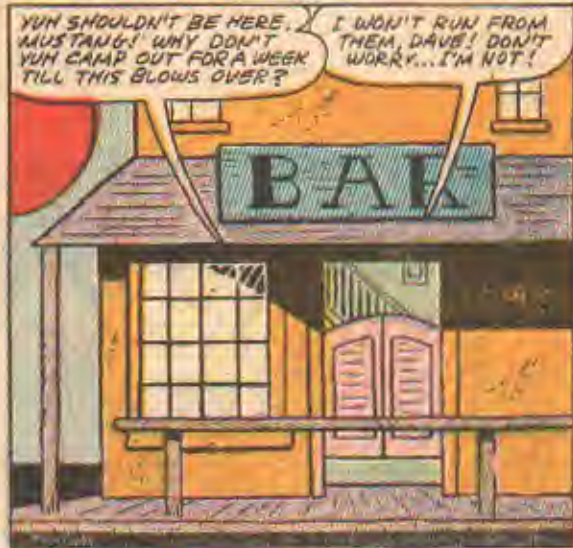




# CHEYENNE KID



THE WORD SPREAD FAST... THE BRONC STAMPER HAD ROUGHED UP OTTO KURTZ AND HIS MEN! HIS FATE WAS CERTAIN...





# CHEYENNE KID

ONE OF OTTO'S MEN HAD A DERRINGER COCKED AND READY! MUSTANG WENT FOR HIM FIRST...



SHOOT, OTTO... IT'LL BE THE LAST TIME YUH TRIGGER A COLT!



I'LL LET YUH OFF THIS TIME!

IT'S NOT THAT EASY, OTTO! YOU CAME AFTER ME... I'M NOT THROUGH! I'LL MATCH GUNSPED WITH YUH IN A FAIR FIGHT! AGREED?

OTTO KURTZ KNEW HE WAS FAST... FASTER THAN ANYONE HE'D EVER SEEN WITH THE EXCEPTION OF MEN LIKE BILLY BONNEY OR BOB THOMPSON!



IT'S A DEAL... IF YUH CAN FIND SOMEONE TO LEND YOU A GUN!

I'LL HAVE A GUN, OTTO... I'LL HAVE TWO GUNS! IN ONE HOUR, THEN, ON THE STREET OUTSIDE!



WHERE YUH GOIN', BOY? RUNNIN' OUT?

I'LL BE HERE! EXCUSE ME... I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO DO!

THE RAGGED BRONC STONDER DISAPPEARED! AND ONE HOUR LATER, AFTER A BARBER HAD WORKED HIM OVER, AND HE'D TAKEN A BATH, HE WAS READY!



GOLLY, YOU LOOK JUST LIKE... YOU AIN'T HIM!

YES, I AM, SNIPS! I SWORE I'D SET THE GUNS ASIDE... BUT I'LL GO BACK TO THEM THIS ONE TIME!

BARBER



# CHEYENNE KID

OTTO KURTZ WAS READY...HE WAS CONFIDENT HE'D TAKE THE DRIFTING BRONC STAMPER BUT HE HAD INSURANCE READY, JUST IN CASE...



I GOT SOME GUNS OTTO! HAD 'EM READY FOR YEARS! YUH READY?

YUH HAD AN ACE IN THE HOLE! OKAY, I'LL STILL TAKE YUH!



KURTZ DREW! WHEN HE MADE HIS MOVE, THE MAN CALLED MUSTANG WENT FOR HIS SIX-GUNS TOO! BUT HIS FIRST TARGET WASN'T THE OWLHOOT CHIEF!



AT MUSTANG'S ORDER, DAVE NEVINS HAD THE REST OF OTTO KURTZ' GANG ROUNDED UP!



W-WHO IS HE? HE LOOKS FAMILIAR... ESPECIALLY WITH COLTS IN HIS FISTS!

YOU'D KNOW HIS NAME IF I SAID IT, OTTO! BUT MOST FOLKS THINK HE'S DEAD! I'M NOT GONNA SAY OTHERWISE!





CHEYENNE KID

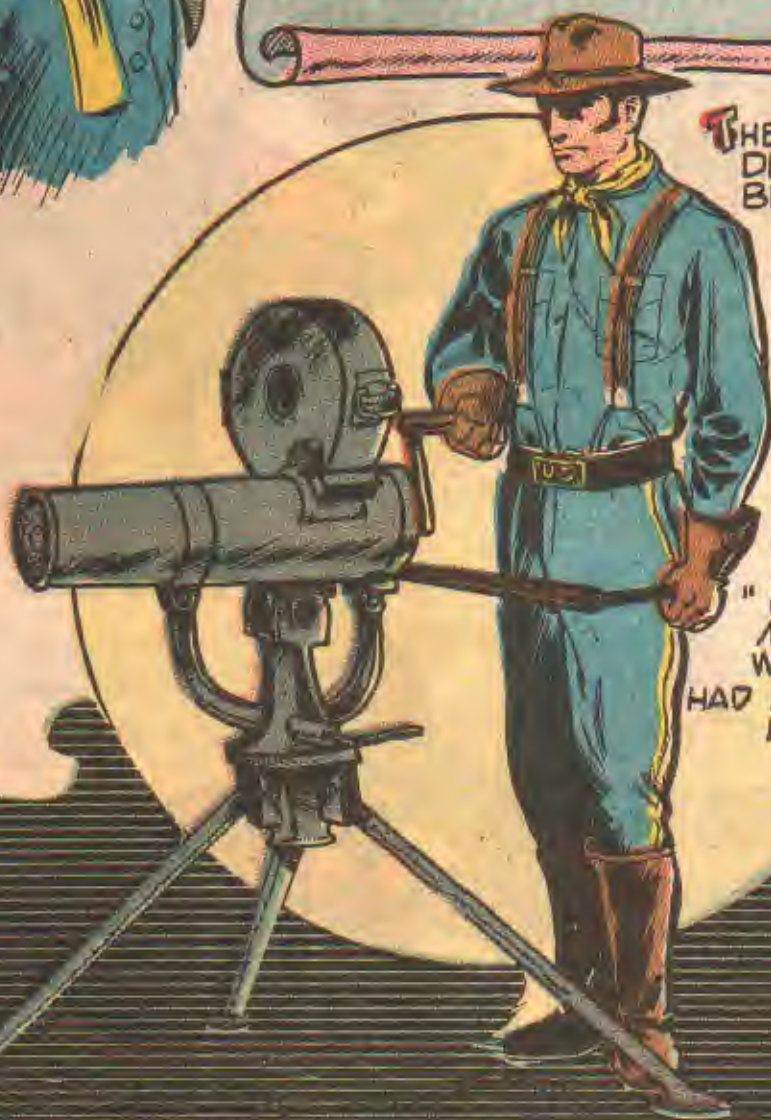
# WESTERN WINKERS

## CUSTER'S GATLING'S



WHEN GENERAL GEORGE CUSTER'S ENTIRE TROOP WAS ANNIHILATED AT LITTLE BIGHORN IN 1876, HIS HEADQUARTERS HAD FOUR 90LB. GATLING GUNS ON HAND. THESE WEAPONS HAD A RATE OF FIRE OF 1000 ROUNDS A MINUTE...

THEY WERE DESIGNED TO BE FIRED FROM HORSEBACK OR GROUND- (WITH TRIPOD). HAD CUSTER TAKEN WITH HIM ONE OF THE FOUR THAT WERE AVAILABLE, "CUSTER'S MASSACRE" WOULD HAVE HAD A REVERSE MEANING.





CHEYENNE KID

IN **WHITE INDIAN RAID**

# CHEYENNE KID

THE CHEYENNE KID STAYED ON WITH THE APACHE! GERONIMO HIMSELF WAS DETERMINED TO LEARN WHICH OF THEM WAS THE BETTER MAN! AND THE APACHE WARRIORS PLAYED ROUGH!

Part 3

HO, WHITE WARRIOR!  
PROTECT YOURSELF!

I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM FROM  
GETTIN' ME WITH THAT  
LANCE -- YET I CAN'T HURT  
HIM TOO BAD!



HA! WELL DONE,  
CHEYENNE!

NOW, YOU WATCH  
IT, APACHE CHIEF!





# CHEYENNE KID





# CHEYENNE KID



WHADDYA WANT HERE, RENEGADE? GO BACK TWH THE INJUNS.

I WILL -- AFTER I LEARN WHAT YOU'RE DOING! DON'T TRY TWH USE THAT RIFLE, BARLOW!



YOU MEN -- HAVE YOU EVER SEEN APACHES WEARIN' WAR PAINT? THEY'RE UP THERE IN THE HILLS NOW! BARLOW'S MONEY WON'T PAY FOR WHAT THEY'LL DO TO YOU!

SHUT UP, CHEYENNE!



YOU WON'T BLUFF US THIS TIME, CHEYENNE.

DON'T TALK, PASCH! GUN 'IM!

ZEKE PASCH HAD MADE A REPUTATION FOR HIS GUNSPEED... BUT THE CHEYENNE KID WAS FASTER -- AND HE DIDN'T MISS...



YUH'VE RUINED ME, CHEYENNE! BARLOW WILL GET EVEN FOR THIS!

THE WHOLE BUNCH OF YOU ARE IN TROUBLE! IF I GIVE THE WORD, PASCH, GERONIMO WILL SWARM DOWN HERE WITH ALL HIS BRAVES!



# CHEYENNE KID

GERONIMO WON'T BOTHER US, CHEYENNE! WE'VE GOT GUNS FOR HIM-- HE'S GOT GOLD! DROP THAT GUN!

IT WON'T WORK, BARLOW! IT MIGHT IF GERONIMO WANTED WAR-- BUT HE DOESN'T!



BARLOW'S PLAN WAS CLEVER ENOUGH-- HE AND FOUR OF HIS MEN PUT ON BREECH CLOUTS AND WAR PAINT! THEY WERE GOING TO STAGE AN APACHE RAID...

WE'RE GOIN' TO RAID THE BROWN RANCH! GERONIMO WILL GET THE BLAME! AFTER THAT, WE'LL SELL OUR GUNS TO HIM FOR PLENTY.



YUH'RE A CHUMP, MISTER! IF THEY RAID THE RANCH, THE U.S. GOVERNMENT WILL BE AFTER YOU! AN GERONIMO WILL CHASE YUH TOO! THERE'LL BE NO PLACE TUH HIDE!

SHUT UP, CHEYENNE!



THAT WAGON'S BRAKES AREN'T HOLDIN', MISTER! BETTER CHECK!

HUH? IT LOOKS OKAY TUH ME!





# CHEYENNE KID

TAKE THE BRAKES OFF THE WAGONS... PUSH 'EM INTO THE STREAM! IT'S DOWNHILL!



THE TEAMSTERS WERE TOUGH -- BUT THEY DIDN'T ARGUE! A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE WAGONS WERE ALL UNDER WATER...

NOW, START WALKING TO THE FORT! COLONEL TARBES'LL HANDLE YOU MEN!

NOT ME, HE WON'T!



HE'S ONLY ONE MAN! LET'S NAIL HIM! BARLOW'LL PAY PLENTY IF WE DO

YEAH, AN' IF WE DON'T, THE COLONEL WILL JUG THE BUNCH OF US!



WATCH 'EM, GERONIMO! THEY'RE ALL BUSH-WHACKERS!

THEY'RE ALL COWARDS! WHERE IS BARLOW, THEIR LEADER?





# CHEYENNE KID

HE'S GONE TOH RAID  
BROWN'S RANCH!  
LET'S STOP 'EM!



THE 'APACHE RAID' WAS ALREADY  
UNDER WAY WHEN CHEYENNE AND  
GERONIMO ARRIVED! KEVIN  
BROWN, THE ONLY MAN PRESENT,  
WAS WOUNDED...



HOLD IT, BAR-  
LOW! SHOOT  
AT ME, I'M  
ARMED!



THE CHEYENNE KID ESCORTED BROWN AND  
BARLOW, BOTH WOUNDED, TO THE FORT!  
PASCH AND THE TEAMSTERS HAD COME IN  
THEMSELVES! THEY WERE AFRAID NOT  
TO -- GERONIMO'S BRAVES WERE OUT  
THERE...

I THOUGHT IT  
WAS AN APACHE  
RAID AT FIRST!  
BUT IT WAS  
HIM!

THIS IS WHAT THE CHEYENNE  
KID MEANT WHEN HE  
WARNED ME! YOU AND  
YOUR MEN WILL GO TO  
PRISON, BARLOW!



WHAT ABOUT YOU?  
WHAT CAN I DO FOR  
YOU, CHEYENNE?



KEEP YOUR WORD WITH GERONIMO! LET HIM  
AND HIS BRAVES LIVE IN PEACE, COLONEL!  
KEEP DOLLAR CHASIN' CROOKS OUT OF  
THIS TERRITORY! I'VE GOT TO RIDE!  
COLONEL! ME AN' GERONIMO ARE  
GOIN' FISHTIN'!



END



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BARNETT, Bis-  
mark, North Dakota.

### aid for

### struments

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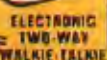
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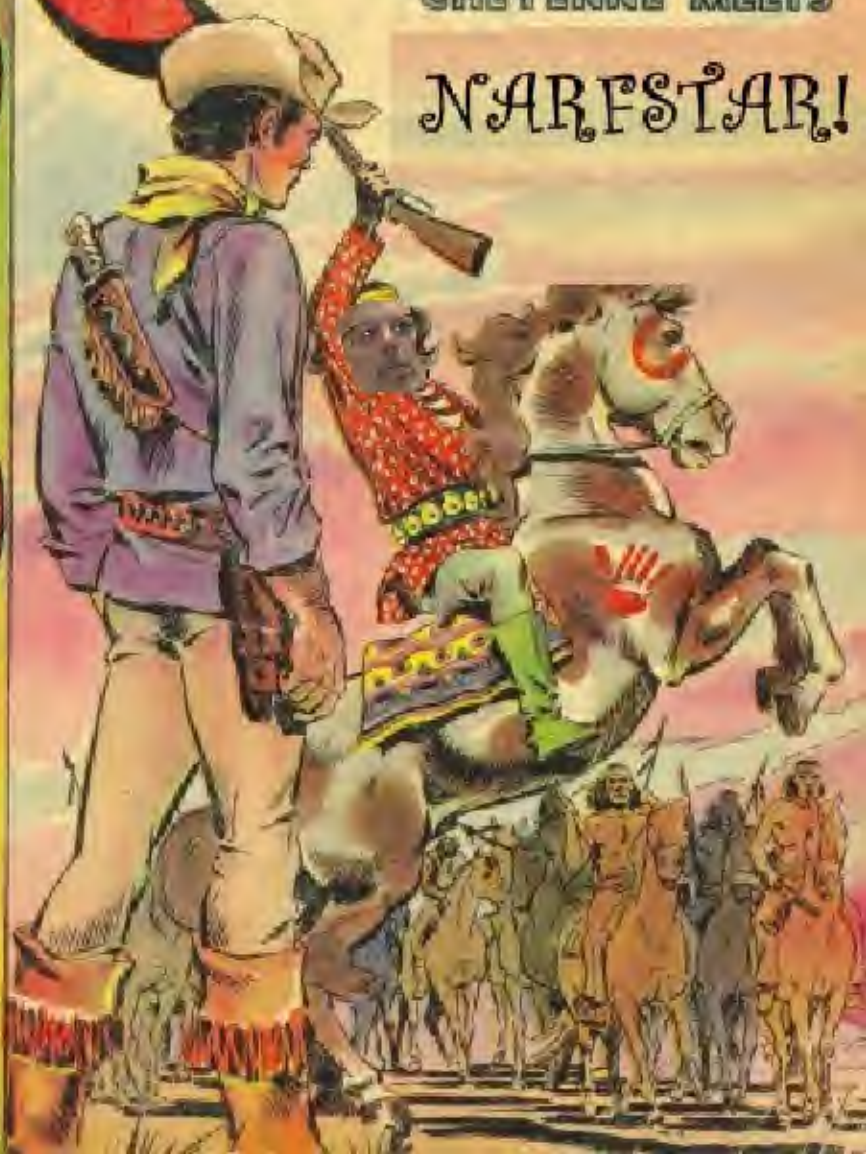
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